

784.6

P534p2

Ω δ α ι
⋈ ↔ ⋈
Φ. Δ. Θ.

**THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY**

From the library of
Rev. William Murphy

Presented in 1924

784.6

P534 p2

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

PI MAR 15 1980

FEB 16 1981

CAR

L161—O-1096

**THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY**

From the library of
Rev. William Murphy

Presented in 1924

784.6

P534 p2

Ψδαί

PHI DELTA THETA

(SECOND EDITION.)

Published under Authority of the General Council.

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCLXXXII.

ANNO FRATERNITATIS XXXIV.

INDIANAPOLIS:
CARLON & HOLLENBECK, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1882.

EDITORS:

A. GWYN FOSTER. WALTER B. PALMER,
FRANK E. HUNTER.

784.6

P534P2

27 Nov. 29 E.S. 16

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Absent Dead, " <i>Pleyel's Hymn</i> ,"	17
A Gay Barbarian, " <i>Fine Old Irish Gentleman</i> ,"	49
All Good Phis, " <i>Three Blind Mice</i> ,"	11
All Night Till Day, " <i>Camptown Races</i> ,"	7
A Thousand Years, " <i>A Thousand Years</i> ,"	23
A Warm Fraternal Cheer, " <i>A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea</i> ,"	12
Banded Brothers, " <i>Kissing Through the Bars</i> ,"	45
Cantus Fraternitatis, " <i>Co-ca-che-lunk</i> ,"	5
Chapter Life, " <i>Sweet Genevieve</i> ,"	16
Closing Odes,	50
Congenial Phis, " <i>John Brown</i> ,"	11
Dear Brotherhood, " <i>Laureiger Horatius</i> ,"	30
Dear Phi Delta Theta Home, " <i>Litoria</i> ,"	33
Death of a Brother, " <i>Nellie Gray</i> ,"	47
Evening Pleasures, " <i>When the Swallows Homeward Fly</i> ,"	31
Farewell, " <i>Tom Moore</i> ,"	21
From Darkness to Light, " <i>Derby Ram</i> ,"	25
Golden Weapons, " <i>Golden Slippers</i> ,"	44
Good Night, " <i>Happy Are We To-night</i> ,"	47
Good Night, Ladies, " <i>Good Night, Ladies</i> ,"	26
Graduation, " <i>Son of a Gambolier</i> ,"	40
Greeting Song, " <i>Antioch</i> ,"	48
Hail! Brothers, Dear, " <i>The Two Roses</i> ,"	37
Home, Dear Phi Home, " <i>Home, Sweet Home</i> ,"	13
Initiation Ode, " <i>Zion</i> ,"	16
In Memoriam, " <i>Vacant Chair</i> ,"	12
It's a Way We Have in Our Chapter, " <i>It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard</i> ,"	39
Jolly Boys, " <i>Rig-jag, Jig-jag</i> ,"	30
Jolly Loyal Phi, " <i>Son of a Gambolier</i> ,"	42
Living in Triumph, " <i>Dreamland Tree</i> ,"	34
Our Army for the Right, " <i>Benny Havens, Oh!</i> "	17
Our Brotherhood, " <i>Farewell</i> ,"	36
Our Cause Speeds On, " <i>Auld Lang Syne</i> ,"	14

	PAGE.
Our Loved White and Blue, " <i>Red, White and Blue</i> ,"	20
Our William Goat, " <i>Mary Had a Little Lamb</i> ,"	9
Phi Band, " <i>Gideon's Band</i> ,"	40
Phi Delta Theta Hall, " <i>America</i> ,"	46
Phi Life, " <i>Shool</i> ,"	19
Phi-Yi-Yi, " <i>Bow-wow-wow</i> ,"	29
Promoted Phis, " <i>Where, Oh Where</i> ,"	22
Prospective, Retrospective, " <i>Lone Fish Ball</i> ,"	41
Rallying Cry, " <i>Battle Cry of Freedom</i> ,"	28
Reunion, " <i>Upidee</i> ,"	32
Sing for Aye, " <i>Blue Alsatian Mountains</i> ,"	38
Smoking Song, " <i>Sparkling and Bright</i> ,"	6
Songs of Phi Delta Theta, " <i>Maryland, My Maryland</i> ,"	6
Strangers Once, Brothers Now, " <i>College Boy</i> ,"	10
Te, Phi Delta Theta, Laudamus, " <i>Bingo</i> ,"	28
That Glorious Name, " <i>Ring the Bell, Watchman</i> ,"	25
The Candidate, " <i>Lathery</i> ,"	27
The Dying Day, " <i>Juanita</i> ,"	34
The Goal Attained, " <i>Little Brown Jug</i> ,"	19
The Ladies, Fair, " <i>Bonnie Blue Flag</i> ,"	35
The Scroll, " <i>Villikins and His Dinah</i> ,"	44
The Tie That Binds, " <i>Wait for the Wagon</i> ,"	24
To-night We'll Merry Be, " <i>Landlord, Fill Your Flowing Bowl</i> ,"	18
United in the Bond, " <i>My Last Cigar</i> ,"	8
Vive Les Phis, " <i>Vive L'Amour</i> ,"	15
We Love a Chorus, " <i>I've a Jolly Six-pence</i> ,"	32
Working for Old Phi Delta Theta, " <i>Rally Round the Flag</i> ,"	22
Work, Work, Work, " <i>Tramp, Tramp, Tramp</i> ,"	43

NOTE.—Those airs to be found in the *Carmina Collegensia* are noted throughout the book, with their proper pages.

Ἦδαί ✱

✱ Φ. Δ. Θ.

CANTUS FRATERNITATIS.

AIR—"Co-ca-che-lunk."—Car. Coll., I, '35.

✓ M ULTOS fratros nunc cantamus,
Fratros uno animo;
Viros veros et laudamus
Pondere non numero.

CHORUS—Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-la-ly,
Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-lay,
Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-la-ly,
Hi Phi Delta fratri, salve!

Adoramus Phi milites,
Nostra arma aurea,
Et puellas haec amantes
Pulchras nobis sub rosa. CHO.

—A. G. Foster, '78, Indiana Alpha.

SONGS OF PHI DELTA THETA.

AIR—"Maryland, My Maryland."—Car. Coll., I, 144.

COME, brothers, let us all unite,
 Of Phi Delta singing;
 We'll shout the chorus out to-night,
 Happy voices ringing;
 We'll sing the songs we love so dear,
 Of common weal and brother's cheer,
 And laud the name we all revere,
 Of Phi Delta Theta.

Let music fill the evening air,
 Songs of praise be welling;
 There's joy for us and naught of care
 In our Chapter dwelling.
 Then let the chorus gladly ring,
 And hearts their joyous offerings bring;
 We'll sing the songs we love to sing
 Of Phi Delta Theta.

—P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.

SMOKING SONG.

AIR—"Sparkling and Bright."—Car. Coll., I, 132.

WHILE gathered here, with song and cheer,
 Our thoughts together blending,
 Our sorrows fade, like smoke we've made,
 On evening air ascending.

CHORUS—Then cheer, boys, cheer, forget all fear
 Of change that waits before us,
 While fragrant wreaths, that each one breathes,
 So lightly gather o'er us.

The ringlets twirl, and upward curl,
 To float in clouds of azure;
 With fancy light, air castles bright
 We build, and dream of pleasure. CHO.

The volumed blue, of friendship true,
 Is to this Band the token,
 And in the eyes of loyal Phis
 We see affection spoken. CHO.

As rings of smoke, that soon are broke,
 This Band must soon part grieving,
 Yet still we'll see, where'er we be,
 Old friends in smoke clouds wreathing. CHO.
 —W. B. Palmer, '80, *Tennessee Alpha*.

ALL NIGHT TILL DAY.

AIR—"Camptown Races."—Car. Coll., III, 44.

A BIG Phi banquet, four weeks 'way,
 Du dah, du dah,
 Phi Delta ladies sing this lay,
 Du dah, du dah da!

CHORUS—We're going to dance all night,
 We're going to dance till day;
 I'll save my money for a new silk dress,
 A blue and a white, they say.

Phi serenaders, moonlit night, etc.,
 Phi Delta ladies love the sight, etc.

CHORUS—We're going to sing all night,
 We're going to sing till day,
 We'll sing till the moon goes down too soon,
 Yes, we'll sing till the morn grows gray.

Phi Delta Billy on the go, etc.,
 "Spiked" Barbarian loves him so, etc.

CHORUS—He's going to ride all night,
 He's going to ride till day,
 On Billy's back out from darkness black,
 To a brighter, better way.

Phi Delt Bill got lame in the knee, etc.,
He ran so fast one night with me, etc.

CHORUS—I was bound to ride all night,
I was bound to ride till day
On Billy's back out from darkness black,
To a brighter, better way.

—A. G. Foster, '78, *Indiana Alpha*.

UNITED IN THE BOND.

AIR—"My Last Cigar."—Car. Coll., I, 14.

WE'VE met again within our hall,
We grasp each brother's hand,
And show, by word and action, that
This is a jovial Band;
And now, in one grand chorus joined,
We'll raise a joyous song,
We'll sing of our Fraternity,
With voices loud and strong;
With voices loud and strong,
With voices loud and strong,
We'll of Phi Delta Theta sing
With voices loud and strong.

Our Brotherhood of kindred souls,
A strong, united Band,
Has thousands kneeling at its shrine
All over this broad land;
Triumphant it has been before,
Its path ahead is bright,
Our obligations we renew,
And shout its praise to-night;
And shout its praise to-night, || *Bis*.
We pledge ourselves to it again,
And shout its praise to-night.

Our college days are passing fast,
 Not long these scenes we'll roam,
 Too soon we'll all each other leave,
 And this fraternal home;
 Yet still we'll aid our glorious cause,
 The cause of which we're fond,
 And ever be, though parted far,
 United in the Bond;
 United in the Bond, || *Bis.*
 Though sundered far, we'll always be
 United in the Bond!

— *W. B. Palmer, '80, Tennessee Alpha.*

OUR WILLIAM GOAT.

AIR—"Mary Had a Little Lamb."—Car. Coll., III., 55.

PHI Delta has a William goat, William goat, William
 goat,
 Phi Delta has a William goat,
 And sharp is his back bone!
 And every time he gives a jump, gives a jump, gives a jump,
 And every time he gives a jump,
 He makes his rider groan!

CHO.—Bleating of that goat, ba-a-a-ah, ba-a-a-ah,
 Bleating of that goat, ba-a-a-ah, ba-a-a-ah,
 O! aint I glad to get out of barbarism, get out of barbar-
 ism, get out of barbarism,
 Aint I glad to get out of barbarism,
 Riding on that goat!

He rode me down a big dark hall,
 With ghosts on every side,
 My hair stood straight upon my head,
 O, 'twas a fearful ride. CHO.

And 'round and 'round he faster went,
 Nor stayed he in his flight,
 'Till finally, with sudden plunge,
 He threw me, feet upright. CHO.

The spectres gently picked me up,
 And soothed my swollen head,
 Then off, this wicked William goat,
 By both his horns was led. CHO.

And you, this gentle William goat,
 May mount, if you're inclined,
 And make him canter at your will,
 And stop him—"in your mind." CHO.

—A. G. Foster, '78, *Indiana Alpha*, and
 W. B. Palmer, '80, *Tennessee Alpha*.

STRANGERS ONCE, BROTHERS NOW.

AIR—"College Boy."—Car. Coll., II, 12.

STRANGERS once, brothers now, we come,
 Greeting each in his own Phi home;
 From our hearths afar the guiding star
 Brings us under sweet Theta's dome.

CHORUS—With laughing, singing, singing, laughing,
 Give an old-time greeting.
 Tra-la-la-la, ha-ha-ha-ha, tra-la-la-la-la,
 With mirth and noise, Phi Delta boys,
 Spend their evenings socially.

Though once unknown, by kith or name,
 Love unites us even the same;
 From our hearths afar the guiding star
 Brings us Phi Delta's fame. CHO.

Be this glad day the carrier dove,
 Telling good news of us above;
 Since from afar the guiding star
 Brings us Phi Delta Theta's love. CHO.

—Arranged from poem, SCROLL, *June*, 1881.

CONGENIAL PHIS.

AIR—"John Brown."—Car. Coll., II, 11.

THERE is a certain Chapter bound by friendship's closest ties,
 They are so oft together that the people thus surmise,
 When questioned as to one, that "he's either with some Phis,
 "Or else is seeking them."

CHORUS—Delta, Delta, Delta Theta,
 Delta, Delta, Delta Theta,
 Delta, Delta, Delta Theta,
 Phi Delta Theta boys.

If you meet one here, or meet one there, or meet one any-
 where,
 There is sure to be a crowd with him, or at least a single
 pair;
 They together get their studies, and their walks and talks
 they share,
 This congenial, jolly crowd. CHO.

There's a crowd upon the campus when they take a game
 of ball,
 There are two or three together when they make a friendly
 call,
 When there is a Chapter meeting, they are all within the
 hall,
 These jolly, genial Phis. CHO.
 —A. G. Foster, '78, *Indiana Alpha*.

ALL GOOD PHIS.—A ROUND.

AIR—"Three Blind Mice."—Car. Coll., II, 15.

A LL good Phis! ||*Ter*.
 Hear how they sing! ||*Ter*.
 Whenever their study and work is done,
 They throw aside books and are brimful of fun,
 In gay, merry chorus a round is begun,
 Do all good Phis! ||*Ter*.

IN MEMORIAM.

AIR—"Vacant Chair."

WE shall meet but we shall miss him ;
 There will be one vacant chair,
 When we gather in our Chapter,
 After his departure there.
 We have toiled together often
 In our struggle for the right ;
 Now a wise omniscient Guardian
 Has withdrawn him from our sight.

CHORUS—We shall meet but we shall miss him ;
 There will be one vacant chair,
 When we gather in our Chapter,
 After his departure there.

In our hearts we'll keep him treasured,
 As her silver stars the sky,
 And forget him we will never
 Till we meet him by and by.
 And lest we ourselves are taken,
 E'en we've done the best we would,
 We shall do as did our brother,
 And shall join the heavenly good. CHO.

—A. G. Foster, '78, *Indiana Alpha*.

A WARM, FRATERNAL CHEER.

AIR—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."—Car. Coll., II, 6.

DEAR Brother of the mystic Bond,
 We hail your presence here,
 And greet your smiling faces all
 With warm, fraternal cheer.
 Our esoteric symbols still
 Do stir each faithful heart,
 And whisper loyalty and peace,
 When we are far apart.

CHORUS—Then hoard our stores of knowledge gained,
 To bless a coming age,
 And leave our honored names enrolled
 On bright historic page.

Th' expressive tie that binds us all,
 And gives new life to zeal—
 Intensifies our mutual love,
 And swells the joys we feel.
 One grand propelling motive power
 Inspires each noble heart,
 And lights with glowing, radiant beams
 The goal from whence we start. CHO.

The stadium lies before our gaze,
 The herald's crying now,
 And laurel crowns are waving high
 To wreath each victor's brow.
 And when in light, and peace, and joy,
 Their triumphs are begun,
 Phi Delta Theta's lauded sons
 Shall share the honors won. CHO.
 —A. Means, '27, *Georgia Beta*.

HOME, DEAR PHI HOME.

AIR—"Home, Sweet Home."

SWEET home is a treasure, most precious and sweet,
 To those who abide in its friendly retreat,
 There pleasures unbounding forever will dwell,
 And songs of Phi Delta unceasingly swell.
 Home, home, dear Phi home!
 There's no place like home, our Phi Delta home.

When we're careworn and weary, and hearts sink within,
 When oppressed by the turmoil of life's busy din,
 The bright beams of our home turn to day all our night,
 And we drink at the fount of fraternal delight.

Home, home, dear Phi home!
 No place is so dear as our Phi Delta home.

How we love the dear respite that here we obtain,
 Oh! would that we might here forever remain!
 Still in dreams and in fancies oft-times we will roam,
 To seek the retreat of our Phi Delta home.

Home, home, dear Phi home!

We love the retreat of our Phi Delta home.

—*P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.*

OUR CAUSE SPEEDS ON.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."—Car. Coll., I, 69.

A CROSS the plains, from distant hills,
 There comes a shout of praise;
 A shout that in triumphant peals
 Phi Delta Thetas raise;
 A shout that comes in loud hurrahs,
 And ever seems to say:
 "Cheer up, ye comrades, for our cause
 Speeds nobly on its way."

When gloomy clouds o'ercast our sky,
 And tempests round us roar;
 When years of sorrow gather nigh,
 And foes oppress us sore,
 E'en then that stirring cry we hear:
 "Oh, brothers, don't dismay!
 Cheer up, ye comrades, never fear,
 Our cause speeds on its way."

March on, march on, ye mighty host,
 Nor think the journey done,
 Nor stop of future deeds to boast,
 Till we've the vict'ry won;
 Then when we hear from time to time:
 "Phi Delts, what of the day?"
 We'll thunder back along the line:
 "Our cause speeds on its way."

—*P. W. Search, 76, Ohio Delta.*

VIVE LES PHIS!

AIR—"Vive L'Amour."—Car. Coll., III, 16.

✓
 COME, cheerful companions, and join in our song,
 Phis are the boys we love!
 And be we united in one common throng,
 Phis are the boys we love!
 Oh, mystery deepens whenever we sing,
 Friendship's a typical word in our ring,
 Here's to the Phis! here's to the Phis!
 Here's to the Phis we love!

As we're bound together in one common tie,
 Phis are the boys we love!
 May each other's welfare be our battle cry;
 Phis are the boys we love!
 The love and improvement which ever prevails
 Is a sure protection from others' assails.
 Here's to the Phis! here's to the Phis!
 Here's to the Phis we love!

We've met, boys, this evening, to have a good time,
 Phis are the boys we love!
 And loudly our voices in chorus will chime,
 Phis are the boys we love!
 While this song is pending 'twixt music and fun,
 We'll stand, boys, together, we'll stand as though one.
 Here's to the Phis! here's to the Phis!
 Here's to the Phis we love!

Keep the shield and the dagger forever in sight,
 Phis are the boys we love!
 And work for its interest with main and with might,
 Phis are the boys we love!
 And when we're Alumni let's work for dear Phi,
 And make her triumphant—we can if we try.
 Here's to the Phis! here's to the Phis!
 Here's to the Phis we love!

—A. G. Foster, '78, *Indiana Alpha*.

CHAPTER LIFE.

AIR—"Sweet Genevieve."

WITHOUT the sounds of life we hear,
 It is the world we've left behind,
 While kindly faces here appear,
 And welcome in glad tones we find.
 Let every care which has oppressed
 Our minds through all the busy day,
 Be banished, while in peaceful rest
 We while the happy hours away.

CHORUS—Phi Delta Theta! we are met
 To hold awhile communion sweet,
 Phi Delta Theta! ne'er forget,
 In spirit such as this to meet.

The culture of the heart and mind
 Allures us to this place to-night,
 The noblest task of human kind
 In which true natures most delight.
 Ah! may the good we gather here
 A part of us forever be,
 And may this scene still fresh appear,
 Through all life's years in memory. CHO.

—L. T. Rightsell, '80, Indiana Zeta.

INITIATION ODE.

AIR—"Zion."

HAIL we now our worthy brother,
 Bound to us by friendship's tie;
 As we cherish one another,
 Heaven bless our new-made Phi.
 Let us ever
 Nobly live and nobly die.

—P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.

OUR ARMY FOR THE RIGHT.

AIR—"Benny Havens, O!"

COME join a song with me, my friends ere homeward
 we do go,
 With steady line and gallant front, bear down upon the
 foe;
 Upon the hosts of vice and wrong, that rise before our
 sight,
 Charge now with cheery heart and song—an army for the
 right.

CHORUS—An army for the right, boys,
 An army for the right,
 No fear have we, while we may be
 An army for the right.

We've met to-night with mirth and song the evening hours
 to speed,
 But we nerve us for the conflict, and with strength in
 every need;
 We banish pain and sighing, turn darkest shades to light,
 And pray the God of grace to bless our army for the right.
 CHO.

Dear brother Phis, join in the song, ring out the notes of
 glee,
 And lift our glorious banner till it gleams from sea to sea;
 From Atlantic to Pacific send our messengers so bright,
 That each soldier shall be cheered in our army for the
 right. CHO.

—W. P. Black, '67, *Illinois Beta*.

ABSENT DEAD.

AIR—"Pleyel's Hymn."—Car. Coll., II, 34.

THEY are gone, our brothers dear,
 Whom we loved so fondly here;
 Gone the way of no return,
 Through the gates of earth's sojourn.

Stricken down in life's young bloom,
Lying silent in the tomb,
They shall meet us never more,
As in happy days of yore.

We shall miss them sadly here,
Sadly miss their songs of cheer;
Voices hushed, shall never rise—
Voices of our noble Phis.

Gather garlands choice and fair—
Garlands filled with fragrance rare;
Lay them softly round the head
Of our silent, absent dead.

—*P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.*

TO-NIGHT WE'LL MERRY BE.

AIR—"Landlord, Fill Your Flowing Bowl,"—Car. Coll., III, 76.

O H! comrades come with joyful hearts,
And let us sing together;
Let every voice join in the song,
Without regard to weather.

CHORUS—For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be going.

We'll cast aside all care to-night,
We'll bid good-bye to sorrow,
We'll think no more of plodding toil—
Enough of that to-morrow. CHO.

The world is waiting, breathless all,
To see what we are doing;
Then up and onward, quick, my boys,
The battle is a brewing. CHO.

—*Charles Groenendyke, '70, Indiana Beta.*

PHI LIFE.

AIR—"Shool."—Car. Coll., I, 32.

PHI Delta Theta is the name
That leads us to immortal fame,
And raises high our every aim.
Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel.

CHORUS—Shool, shool, shool, I rool,
Shool I shag-a-rack, shool-a-barb-a-cool,
The first time I saw psilly bally eel,
Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel.

I'm glad I'm in Phi Delta's band,
And with the Phis can proudly stand,
And grasp each brother by the hand.
Dis cum, etc. CHO.

To all the brothers we'll be true,
And with their sisters interview,
Be captivated with a few.
Dis cum, etc. CHO.

Are you not glad you are a Phi,
And dwell with us in unity,
While all the "barbs" we terrify?
Dis cum, etc. CHO.
—Frank E. Hunter, '79, *Indiana Alpha*.

THE GOAL ATTAINED.

AIR—"Little Brown Jug."

WHEN first I saw a real Phi,
My heart jumped up, and with a sigh,
I said to myself, "Oh, can it be
That there is any hope for me?"

CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, free and gay,
For a jolly Band of Greeks were they.

I dressed up in my very best,
 A bran new suit and nobby vest,
 And sauntered out in hope there'd be
 Some Argus Phi who'd notice me. CHO.

At last one watching students new
 Saw me, and thought that I would do,
 So he took me around his friends to see,
 That they might all examine me. CHO.

I stood the test, and the following night,
 I first perceived the Grecian light;
 And so you see the end is this,
 That I am now in perfect bliss.

CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, gay and free,
 For a jolly Band of Greeks are we.
 —W. B. Palmer, '80, *Tennessee Alpha*.

OUR LOVED WHITE AND BLUE.

AIR—"Red, White and Blue.—Car. Coll., I, 87.

MAJESTIC above every other,
 Though prairies and seas were searched through,
 From heaven and light came our colors,
 Three cheers for our loved white and blue.
 Our chain and our bright golden dagger,
 Our shield of protection we view;
 Phi armor to-day and forever,
 Beneath hangs our loved white and blue.

Our scroll and our serpents of wisdom,
 Our helmet and plume ever true,
 Our stars and our strong silver anchor—
 But more sing our loved white and blue.
 The All-seeing Eye ever open,
 While searching the universe through,
 Sees Truth and Devotion to Duty
 Enthroned in our loved white and blue.

That *Φιλια* under the lances
 Shall flourish eternally new,
 While wheat-heads shall nourish the nation,
 And Phis love their old white and blue.
 Assembled all over the Union,
 In snow or in summer's soft dew,
 Responsive the echoes shall answer :
 "Three cheers for our loved white and blue."
 — *W. D. Shipman, '77, Ohio Epsilon.*

FAREWELL.

AIR—"Tom Moore."

WITHIN our hall of meeting,
 For the last time in the year,
 We exchange the cordial greeting,
 And our hearts are filled with cheer.

CHORUS—Then let our song be swelling,
 Let the chorus gladly rise,
 And while its notes are welling,
 May all joy attend the Phis.

Tho' our circle may be broken,
 And its members sundered far,
 Yet without the outward token,
 All our hearts in union are. CHO.

With some we now must sever,
 Who may meet with us no more,
 Who, starting on life's river,
 Have left the classic shore. CHO.

When troubles round them gather,
 Or when gloom begins to rise,
 Every tempest may they weather,
 And success attend the Phis. CHO.

— *W. A. Caldwell, '74, Indiana Epsilon.*

PROMOTED PHIS.

AIR—"Hebrew Children."—Car. Coll., I, 16.

WHERE, oh, where are the green Barbarians?
 Where, oh, where are the green Barbarians?
 Where, oh, where are the green Barbarians?
 Safe now in the Chapter's fold.
 They 've gone out from spiking dangers,
 They 've gone out from spiking dangers,
 They 've gone out from spiking dangers,
 Safe now in the Chapter's fold.

Where, oh, where are the noble Grecians? || *Ter.*
 Safe now with sheepskins won!
 They 've gone out from college grinding, || *Ter.*
 Safe now with sheepskins won!

Where, oh, where are the old Alumni? || *Ter.*
 Safe now with fortunes made!
 They 've gone out from all hard labor, || *Ter.*
 Safe now with fortunes made!

By and by we 'll all come together, || *Ter.*
 Safe then in reunion met!

—W. B. Palmer, '80, *Tennessee Alpha.*

WORKING FOR OLD PHI DELTA THETA.

AIR—"Rally Round the Flag."

THERE is a Band that stretches far
 Across the mighty West,
 Working for old Phi Delta Theta,
 From silv'ry corn-fields' waving tops
 To snowy cotton's crest,
 Working for old Phi Delta Theta.

CHORUS—Phi boys, forever, in sunshine or storm,
 In one solid phalanx together we'll form;
 So we'll give the friendly hand, boys, and greet you brothers all,
 Working for old Phi Delta Theta.

From college halls to business marts
 Its clinging tendrils run,
 Working for old Phi Delta Theta,
 And binds with bonds as true as steel
 A thousand hearts in one,
 Working for old Phi Delta Theta. CHO.

And when from Alma Mater's walls
 Exultingly we've gone,
 Working for old Phi Delta Theta,
 We'll not forget the sword and shield,
 But joyfully keep on,
 Working for old Phi Delta Theta. CHO.
 —W. O. Bates, '75, *New York Alpha*.

A THOUSAND YEARS!

AIR—"A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia."

7 FROM every vale of this broad nation,
 Come forth, ye brothers, without fears;
 From every field and every station,
 Come sing the song a thousand years.

CHORUS—A thousand years! Phi Delta Theta!
 High over all that star appears;
 Oh, may the tidings ever greet us,
 Our cause shall live a thousand years!

Yes, brothers, come with songs adorning,
 Greet this glad day with ringing cheers;
 For well we know the orient morning
 Will brighter grow a thousand years. CHO.

Ye rivals gaze at that bright banner,
 Unfurled above your reach and sneers,
 Know it will wave—wave in like manner—
 When ye are dead a thousand years. CHO.

Waft, waft, ye breezes, waft the story,
 Bear on your wings to other spheres;
 Make known to man Phi Delta's glory
 Will last, yes, last a thousand years. CHO.
 —*P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.*

THE TIE THAT BINDS.

AIR—"Wait for the Wagon."—Car. Coll., II, 75.

PHI Delta Theta is the name we all delight to hear;
 The welcome sound gives pleasure, aye, gives music to
 the ear.
 Though far away we wander to the land beyond the sea,
 It brings a thrill of joy to us wherever we may be.

CHORUS—Phi Delta Theta,
 Phi Delta Theta,
 Phi Delta Theta,
 Our loved Fraternity.

While here within these classic walls we meet to train our
 minds,
 Prepare ourselves for active life, and trials, many kinds,
 May we unite, with great delight, to cheer each other's way;
 Dispel the gloom of clouds that loom from sorrow's saddest
 day. CHO.

We're bound together, each to each, by friendship's tender
 ties;
 We lend to each a helping hand when fickle Fortune flies.
 And though our paths may sunder and in distant lands we
 range,
 Adversity, prosperity, can bring to us no change. CHO.

—*Chas. Groenendyke, '70, Indiana Beta, and*
H. O. Scott, '77, Pennsylvania Alpha.

THAT GLORIOUS NAME.

AIR—"Ring the Bell, Watchman."

THERE is a name that is sweet to the ear,
 Name, to the Phis, that is sacred and dear,
 Name to the heart fraught with comfort and cheer,
 Phi Delta Theta is that glorious name.

· CHORUS—Phi Delta Theta! Hark to the strain,
 Borne on the wind in gentle refrain;
 Echoing afar over mountain and plain,
 Phi Delta Theta is that glorious name.

Long may that name fill with music the air,
 Music whose solace shall banish all care,
 Chanted in songs by the "lovely and fair,"
 Songs which its greatness and glory proclaim. CHO.

Guard well that name that is spotless and pure;
 Guard it from evil and sorrow secure;
 Guard it, yes, guard it while time shall endure;
 Spotless it is, ever keep it the same. CHO.
 —P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

AIR—"Derby Ram."—Car. Coll., I, 37.

I CAME, a green barbarian,
 With undeveloped "cheek;"
 Was first away from home, sir—
 Had never seen a Greek!
 O, had never seen a Greek, sir,
 Had never seen a Greek,
 O, had never seen a Greek, sir,
 Had never seen a Greek.

I safely passed the "rush," sir,
 To all no answer gave,
 But when the Phis came 'round, sir,
 I simply had to "cave!"
 O, I simply had, etc.

Their goat is "some" to ride, sir,
 I'm competent to tell;
 From head to tip of tail, sir,
 I've scrutinized him well!
 O, I've scrutinized, etc.

Our Chapter is the place, sir,
 For jollity and fun;
 Your college days spend there, sir,
 And sigh when you are done.
 O, and sigh, etc.

— *W. B. Palmer, '80, Tennessee Alpha.*

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES!

AIR—" *Good Night, Ladies.*"—Car. Coll., III, 28.

✓ **G**OOD night, ladies!
 Good night, ladies!
 Good night, ladies!
 We're going to leave you now!
 CHORUS—Cherish still the jolly Phis,
 Jolly Phis, Jolly Phis,
 Cherish still the jolly Phis,
 In fond memory.

Sweet dreams, ladies!
 Sweet dreams, ladies!
 Sweet dreams, ladies!
 We're going to leave you now! CHO.

Farewell, ladies!
 Farewell, ladies!
 Farewell, ladies!
 We're going to leave you now! CHO.

THE CANDIDATE.

AIR—"Lathery."—Car. Coll., I, 49.

OH! are barbarians green,
 Oh! are barbarians green,
 Oh! are barbarians jolly green,
 ga, ga, jolly green,
 Oh! are barbarians green?

2. Yes, till the goat they ride, etc.
3. Oh! who is yonder youth, etc.
4. He is a Freshman new, etc.
5. How standeth he in his class, etc.
6. He "walketh off" with the cake," etc.
7. Oh! shall we "spike" the lad, etc.
8. Oh! yes, if he improves, etc.
9. When will he ride the goat, etc.
10. Next Saturday night at twelve, etc.
11. Is he both brave and strong, etc.
12. And does he quake with fear, etc.
13. Oh! no, he's staunch and true, etc.
14. He's now a royal Phi, etc.

—*Frank E. Hunter*, '79, *Indiana Alpha*.

RALLYING CRY.

AIR—"Battle Cry of Freedom."

WE gather from the East, and we gather from the West,
 Shouting our welcome song of greeting;
 From the North and from the South we come, with joy
 in every breast,
 Shouting our welcome song of greeting.

CHO.—For Phi Delta Theta the chorus we'll ring,
 We'll stand, boys, together, we'll shout and we'll sing,
 As we rally round our banner, the standard of the right,
 Shouting our welcome song of greeting.

We come together now, my boys, to have a rousing time,
 Shouting our welcome song of greeting.
 To halt and greet each other, boys, as up the hill we climb,
 Shouting our welcome song of greeting. CHO.

Then, as we come together, boys, we'll clasp each other's
 hand,
 Shouting our welcome song of greeting,
 A common Bond, a noble aim, unite our happy Band,
 Shouting our welcome song of greeting. CHO.

—Charles Groenendyke, '70, *Indiana Beta*.

TE, PHI DELTA THETA, LAUDAMUS.

AIR—"Bingo."—Car. Coll., I, 40.

HAIL, Phi Delta Theta!
 Drink it down, drink it down,
 Hail, Phi Delta Theta!
 Drink it down, drink it down,
 Hail, Phi Delta Theta!
 Than all rivals you are greater!
 Drink it down, drink it down,
 Drink it down, down, down.

CHORUS—Bond of Friendship, Friendship,
 Bond of Friendship, Friendship,
 Bond of Friendship,
 Way down in the Grecian camp.
 We won't be "barbs" any more,
 We won't be "barbs" any more,
 We won't be "barbs" any more,
 Way down in the Grecian camp.
 Grecian, Grecian, Grecian, Grecian, [camp.
 Grecian, Grecian, way down in the Grecian

(*Spoken*) G-R-E-C-I-A—N.)

||Here's to loyal Phis!
 Drink it down, drink it down,|| *Bis.*
 Here's to loyal Phis!
 They above all others rise,
 Drink it down, drink it down,
 Drink it down, down, down. *CHO.*

||Here's to white and blue!
 Drink it down, drink it down.|| *Bis.*
 Here's to white and blue!
 To their colors Phis are true!
 Drink it down, drink it down,
 Drink it down, down, down. *CHO.*

||Here's to sword and shield!
 Drink it down, drink it down.|| *Bis.*
 Here's to sword and shield!
 These fair weapons win the field,
 Drink it down, drink it down,
 Drink it down, down, down. *CHO.*
 —*W. B. Palmer, '80, Tennessee Alpha.*

PHI-YI-YI.

AIR—"Bow-wow-wow."—*Car. Coll., I, 147.*

ONCE there was a Phi-yi-yi,
 Went to see his lady-yi,
 Gave he her some taffy-yi,
 Cunning he and sly-yi-yi.

JOLLY BOYS.

AIR—"Rig-jag, Jig-jag."—Car. Coll., I, 142.

THERE were some jolly boys, over there,
 There were some jolly boys, over there,
 There were some jolly boys,
 And they sometimes made a noise,
 Yet ne'er lost their equipoise, over there, there, there.

CHORUS—Bond of Friendship, Friendship,
 Bond of Friendship, Friendship,
 Bond of Friendship,
 Way down in the Grecian camp.
 They won't be "barbs" any more,
 They won't be "barbs" any more,
 They won't be "barbs" any more,
 Way down in the Grecian camp.
 Del-ta The-ta Greeks,
 Del-ta The-ta Greeks,
 Del-ta The-ta, The-ta Greeks,
 Ah! Phi Delta Theta Greeks.

Those happy boys were Phis, over there, || *Bis*.
 Those happy boys were Phis,
 'Twas considered they were wise,
 For they gener'ly took the prize, over there, there, there. CHO.

You've heard of them before, over there, || *Bis*.
 You've heard of them before,
 They're the same they were of yore,
 And you'll hear of them some more, over there, there, there.
 CHO.

—W. B. Palmer, '80, *Tennessee Alpha*.

DEAR BROTHERHOOD.

AIR—"Lauriger Horatius."—Car. Coll., III, 80.

DEAR Brotherhood of college life,
 Far the brightest jewel,
 Love of friends and knowledge find,
 E'er in thee renewal.

CHORUS—Oh, let us, then, all hearts as one,
 Round Phi Delta's altar,
 Pledge again fraternal love,
 Ne'er in faith to falter.

Ne'er may discord's evil power,
 Marring our communion,
 Dim or break the mystic chain,
 Holding us in union. CHO.

On and upward be thy course,
 Fortune thee attending,
 Thine own innate virtue e'er,
 From all ill defending. CHO.

—*S. W. Carpenter, '75, New York Alpha.*

EVENING PLEASURES.

AIR—"When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

EVENING shadows softly fall ;
 Darkness gathers over all ;
 Twilight deepens into gloom,
 Covering scenes of brightest bloom.
 But the Phis, at the glad call,
 Quickly gather in their hall ;
 There with joy and gay delight,
 Chase away the shades of night,
 Chase away the shades of night.

Pleasure thrilling every vein,
 Happy in each other's gain ;
 Thus the Phis, at close of day,
 Pleasant moments pass away ;
 While without the noisy earth,
 All harmonious in its mirth,
 Loud repeats the echoing cries :
 "Joy and peace shall crown the Phis,
 Joy and peace shall crown the Phis."

—*P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.*

WE LOVE A CHORUS.

AIR—"I've a Jolly Sixpence."—Car. Coll., III, 67.

WE love a chorus,
 Jolly, jolly chorus,
 We love a chorus,
 As we love our ease.
 We'll beat the time of it,
 We'll speak the rhyme of it,
 We'll sing it boldly,
 Out on the breeze.

May these gay melodies ever cheer us,
 Phi friends always be near us,
 And happy be the girls that shall hear us, to-night,
 As we go singing home.

CHORUS—Jolly, joyous, jolly chorus,
 Jolly, joyous, jolly chorus,
 And happy be the girls that shall hear us to-night,
 As we go singing home.

REUNION.

AIR—"U-pi-dee."—Car. Coll., I, 20.

HOW fares it with you now, my boys, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da!
 Since last we met with mirth and noise, U-pi-dee-i-da!
 The days have glided swiftly by,
 And older still are you and I.

CHORUS—U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
 U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i-da!
 R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—
 Yah! yah! yah! yah!
 U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
 U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i-da!

Some here, perhaps, have found a wife, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da!
 And thus are happy made for life; U-pi-dee-i-da!
 But, nevertheless, for good or ill,
 The most of us are bachelors still. CHO,

Sweet ladies, can't you lend a hand, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da!
 Take pity on this hapless Band; U-pi-dee-i-da!
 Our longing hearts will welcome you,
 And vow forever to be true. CHO.

Just hold your breath, kind friends, awhile, U-pi-dee,
 U-pi-da!

Be careful now and don't you smile; U-pi-dee-i-da!
 But listen while we say to you,
 This mournful song is nearly through. CHO.

—*Chas. Groenendyke, '70, Indiana Beta.*

DEAR PHI DELTA THETA HOME.

AIR—"Litoria."—Car. Coll., I, 30.

A MID earth's cares and scenes of strife,
 Swe-de-le-we-dum bum!
 And cruel conflicts dire of life,
 Swe-de-le-we-dum bum!
 We often long to thee to come,
 Swe-de-le-wee-tchu-hi-ra-sa!
 Our dear Phi Delta Theta home,
 Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum!

CHORUS—Litoria! Litoria! Swe-de-le-we-tchu-hi-ra-sa,
 Litoria! Litoria! Dear Phi Delta home!

Of all the spots on earth most sweet, etc.,
 A royal hall or lone retreat, etc.;
 There's like thee none 'neath heaven's blue dome, etc.,
 Our dear Phi Delta Theta home, etc. CHO.

E'en though firm friends should prove untrue, etc.,
 Though troubles thick and fast accrue, etc.;
 We still will love, whate'er may come, etc.,
 Our dear Phi Delta Theta home, etc. CHO.

And though we may be sundered wide, etc.,
 In battling on life's restless tide, etc.,
 Still oft' to thee our hearts will roam, etc.,
 Our dear Phi Delta Theta home, etc. CHO.

—*P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.*

LIVING IN TRIUMPH.

AIR—"Dreamland Tree."

PHI Delta Theta! Long may she stand,
 Circling the globe with her noble Band,
 Living in triumph in every land
 Under the azure blue.
 Far and wide the echoes roll along,
 That the Phis are ever brave and strong,
 Loving the right and shunning the wrong,
 Seeking some good to do.

Mighty Phi Deltas, noble and great,
 For them the highest honors await,
 Winning fresh laurels in school and state,
 On them bright prospects dawn.
 Sun and stars traverse the mighty blue,
 So the Phis their missions all pursue,
 Mighty in wisdom, faithful and true,
 Joyfully they press on.

—P. W. Search, '76, *Ohio Delta*.

THE DYING DAY.

AIR—"Juanita."

SLOWLY declining,
 Sinks to rest the evening sun,
 Beams soft entwining
 'Round its journey done.
 In the day now ending
 Is there aught will tell of thee,
 Of the time thou'rt spending,
 In eternity?

CHORUS—

Brother, dear brother! let thy life and labors be,
 Brother, dear brother! from all evil free.

Let all thy actions
 Tuned to nature's harmony,
 'Mid all attractions,
 Be in unity.
 When God's mighty fingers
 Sweep the chords with magic spell,
 While its music lingers,
 May thy own chord tell. CHO.

The sun in sinking
 Gilds the west with crimson hue,
 Its radiance mingling,
 With the azure blue;
 May thy life in closing,
 Sink to rest like setting sun,
 Glory's beams reposing,
 O'er thy course well run. CHO.
 —P. W. Search, '76, *Ohio Delta*.

THE LADIES FAIR.

AIR—"Bonnie Blue Flag."—Car. Coll., II, 62.

COME, brothers dear, with joy arise, give us a ladies'
 song;
 I think it is a pity, Phis, that they're unsung so long.
 In all the stormy scenes of life, wherever they may be,
 They are the same unchanging friends, true-hearted, merry,
 free.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! for the ladies fair! hurrah!
 Hurrah! for the faithful ones
 Who love the shield we wear.

The ladies, bless each darling's heart! are the choice of all
 the earth;
 From them we fain would never part, when spending hours
 in mirth.
 With them our college eves we spend, when daily work
 is o'er;
 The past we would not soon forget, but wish those days once
 more. CHO.

For them we gladly wield our pen, and vow to them be true,
 If they will be the same to us, and wear the white and blue.
 And when the golden shield they see, and the sword that's
 made so fair,
 Oh! may they wish a Phi to be, and our golden shield to
 wear. CHO.

The ladies fair, we all do love; their presence still do seek,
 But boys, take counsel from a friend, and go but once a week.
 And when your college days are o'er, your work of life
 begun,
 May it be your most happy lot to wed a faithful one. CHO.
 —C. J. Reddig, '77, Pennsylvania Beta.

OUR BROTHERHOOD.

AIR—"Farewell."—Car. Coll., I, 78.

HOW sweet, as sinks the western sun,
 When day and evening greet,
 When toil and care are laid aside,
 For trusted friends to meet,
 With hand to hand, and heart to heart,
 In friendship's sacred ties,
 Good friends, in work, or health, or pain,
 Our brotherhood of Phi's.

CHORUS—Ah, yes! be happy while we may,
 And let our voices flow,
 And in the lang syne we'll recall
 Youth's blessed long ago.

Oh, brothers! in that coming time,
 How each familiar face,
 Seen in the gloam of memory,
 Will take on tenderest grace;
 For love makes fair the form that's dear,
 And memory shines apart,
 Peculiar the dear friends of youth,
 The fondest of our heart. CHO.

So let's be joyful while the stars
 Shine still in evening's sky,
 And lift our voices and our hearts
 With hope that every Phi
 Shall write his name on Honor's scroll,
 With blessings on each head,
 Our names a deathless heritage
 Among Earth's honored dead. CHO.
 —Mrs. M. E. Banta.

HAIL! BROTHERS DEAR!

AIR—"The Two Roses."—Car. Coll., III, 7.

HAIL! all hail! O, brothers dear!
 Brothers staunch and steadfast!
 We, but few,
 Our youth renew,
 Gladly let us gather here,
 Ere the hours have sped past.
 Loud and long our chorus raise,
 Sound aloud our joyful praise.

Hope and joy will reign to-night;
 Reign they long and ever!
 Mirth and glee,
 And ecstasy,
 Fill our minds with prospects bright,
 Visions gay and clever,
 Of our Chapter's destiny,
 Blessed in its unity.

Let our hearts all blend in one,
 As streams in mighty river;
 In one thought
 Of gladness fraught,
 In our good work thus begun—
 Work to last forever.
 May our meeting fruitful be,
 Filled with rapture, hope and glee!
 —P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.

SING FOR AYE.

AIR—"Blue Alsatian Mountains."

OF our loved Phi Delta Theta,
 We shall sing and sing away,
 And our love shall grow the greater,
 Till our heads all turn to gray,
 Till our heads all turn to gray.
 And our hearts will warm with swelling,
 In our memory fond will dwell,
 And our lips ne'er tire of telling,
 Thoughts of Phis we love so well.

REFRAIN—Alway, alway, for aye,
 As the years go gliding by,
 Shall we love Phi Delta Theta,
 Our dear Fraternity.

Of the mysteries of Phi Delta,
 We will sing but ne'er reveal,
 Of the spirits and the signals,
 Of the darkness one can feel,
 Of the darkness one can feel.
 On the skill and wit and cunning
 Of our big, sleek William Goat,
 Of his somersaults and running,
 More than aught else we dote. REFRAIN.

Of the gath'rings of Phi Delta,
 We will sing in mirthful glee,
 Of the annuals and the banquets,
 Of called meetings secretly,
 Of called meetings secretly.
 Of our serenades and readings,
 Of conventions and of bums,
 Of boat-rides with blushing maidens,
 Of our grand symposiums. REFRAIN.

—A. G. Foster, '78, *Indiana Alpha*.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN OUR CHAPTER.

AIR—"It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard."—Car. Coll., I, 12.

WHENE'ER Phi Delta calls, sir,
 As evening shadows fall, sir,
 We gather in our hall, sir,
 To drive dull care away.

CHORUS—To drive dull care away,
 To drive dull care away,
 It's a way we have in our Chapter,
 It's a way we have in our Chapter,
 It's a way we have in our Chapter,
 To drive dull care away.

With song and laughter light, sir,
 And many a solemn rite, sir,
 We spend a jovial night, sir,
 To drive dull care away. CHO.

When we a brother meet, sir,
 We cordially him greet, sir,
 And do him kindly treat, sir,
 To drive dull care away. CHO.

FINALE—

AIR—"God Save The Queen."
 So says each Phi of us,
 So says each Phi of us,
 So says each Phi.
 So says each Phi of us,
 So says each Phi of us,
 So says each Phi of us,
 So says each Phi.

—W. B. Palmer, '80, *Tennessee Alpha*.

GRADUATION.

AIR—"Son of a Gambolier."—Car. Coll., III, 50.

WE'RE floating down time's mystic stream ;
 How swift the years roll on ;
 How soon the days of life's young dream
 Are gone, forever gone.
 Our happy school days quickly fly ;
 We'll meet them ne'er anon ;
 With smile and sigh we'll say good-bye,
 Then press with vigor on.
 How speedily, speedily, speedily, speedily, speedily years
 roll on,
 How speedily, speedily, speedily, speedily years roll on ;
 Our happy school days quickly fly ;
 We meet them ne'er anon ;
 With a smile and a sigh we'll say good-bye,
 Then press with vigor on.

With some we now must say farewell,
 Whose college days are o'er,
 Who, launching on life's restless swell,
 Are gliding on before.
 Oh, may prosperity's bright rays
 Their every way surround,
 While joy, success and happy days
 Be ever by them found.
 How speedily, etc.

—P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.

PHI BAND.

AIR—"Gideon's Band."—Car. Coll., III, 39.

THE boys in our Fraternity,
 The boys in our Fraternity,
 The boys in our Fraternity,
 Are just the very boys for me.

CHORUS—If you belong to our Phi Band,
 Why here's my heart and here's my hand,
 In our happy home.

Since I have left Barbarian's state, || *Ter.*
 I'm with the Phi boys soon and late. CHO.

Our Billy Goat kicks very hard, || *Ter.*
 When ridden by a "bully Barb." CHO.

That rhyme's "no good," I hear it said, || *Ter.*
 But call it "slips" and go ahead. CHO.

Per flipper flap, per flipper flu, || *Ter.*
 O, what's the matter, now, with you? CHO.

I sat down gently on a pin, || *Ter.*
 But quickly I got up again. CHO.

Phi Delta boys are hard to beat, || *Ter.*
 Phi Delta girls are awful sweet. CHO.

Oh glory, glory hallelu, || *Ter.*
 I love the Phi boys, don't you, too? CHO.
 —*Frank E. Hunter, '79, Indiana Alpha.*

PROSPECTIVE, RETROSPECTIVE.

ATR—"Lone Fish-Ball."—Car. Coll., I, 15.

WHATEVER fate the future holds,
 Whatever scenes of bliss or woe;
 O'er all that coming time unfolds,
 Our college days their light shall throw.

Though on the dark blue sea we sail,
 Or o'er the fruitful earth we roam,
 Whether in icy regions drear,
 Or sunny climes shall be our home;

Whether we strive for world-wide fame
 Or blithe and happy plow the field,
 Whether we serve the Church or State,
 Or in the shops the sledges wield;

Still, pulse will throb and heart beat light,
 As faithful memory back shall go,
 To view Phi Delta Theta's joys,
 And those dear scenes of long ago.

— *W. D. Shipman, '77, Ohio Epsilon.*

JOLLY LOYAL PHI.

AIR—"Son of a Gambolier."—Car, Coll., III, 50.

TO get an education
 Methought I'd hither fly,
 And when I left my sweetheart
 I drew a heavy sigh,
 And when I left my sweetheart
 I felt inclined to cry;
 I'm a rollickin' Greek, with spirits light,
 A jolly good loyal Phi,
 A jolly good, jolly good, jolly good, jolly good, jolly good
 loyal Phi,
 A jolly good, jolly good, jolly good, jolly good loyal Phi,
 And when I left my sweetheart
 I felt inclined to cry,
 I'm a rollickin' Greek, with spirits light,
 A jolly good loyal Phi.

When here my mind was bothered
 Which Band of Greeks to try,
 But with a wise decision,
 The choice at last made I,
 But with a wise decision,
 I finally cast the die;
 I'm a rollickin' Greek, etc.

When I go back to visit
 My "D. G.," by and by,
 She'll, with congratulation,
 Receive me as a Phi;
 She'll, with congratulation,
 Our colors on her tie;
 I'm a rollickin' Greek, etc.

— *W. B. Palmer, '80, Tennessee Alpha.*

WORK! WORK! WORK!

AIR—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

OVER all the land so wide, where our fathers fought and
 died,
 Died for liberty a hundred years ago,
 There's a brave and faithful Band, standing firmly hand in
 hand,
 Working for the Right against a mighty foe.

CHORUS—Work, work, work, Phi Delta Theta,
 For the battle is in view;
 Let the golden sword and shield, brightly shining in
 the field,
 Lead us ever on to conquer and be true.

There is sin on every hand; there's oppression in the land,
 Men cast down amid the overwhelming wrong;
 And the cry is, day and night, cry unto the friends of Right—
 "Men and brethren help us, help, for ye are strong." CHO.

Then, my comrades, let us on, for a day of brighter dawn,
 When the brave and true shall triumph in the land;
 Ever foremost in the fray, fighting nobly day by day,
 Let us firmly for the Right and Justice stand. CHO.

—*P. W. Search, '76, Ohio Delta.*

GOLDEN WEAPONS.

AIR—"Golden Slippers."

OH, the shield and dagger I am going to wear,
 When I climb from the Barbs up the Grecian stair;
 And the girls will whisper, and the boys will stare,
 When I badge out into chapel some fair morning.
 And my old Barb garments that my limbs festoon
 Will be laid away, 'cause they fit too soon,
 And I'll go along singing this very same tune,
 When I badge out into chapel some fair morning.

CHORUS—Oh, those golden weapons,
 Oh, those golden weapons,
 Golden weapons I am going to wear,
 Because they look so bright;
 Oh, those golden weapons,
 Oh, those golden weapons,
 Golden weapons I am going to wear,
 When I walk in the Grecian light.

Oh, my old Barb greenness will be laid away,
 And I never more shall use it till my dying day;
 But I'll wear Phi armor when I am a Grecian gay,
 When I badge forth into chapel some fair morning.
 And I'll love Phi colors, both the white and blue;
 The white is good, and the blue is true;
 I'm a sympathizer now, but my interest I'll renew,
 When I badge forth into chapel some fair morning.

CHO.

—A. G. Foster, '78, *Indiana Alpha*.

THE SCROLL.

AIR—"Villikins and His Dinah."—Car. Coll., I, 110.

WE'VE chanted the praises of loved White and Blue,
 Of dear Shield and Dagger, of Phis brave and true,
 The Bond and our Sweethearts; but never a soul
 Was inspired by the Muses to sing of *The Scroll!*

CHORUS—

Sing Bond, Shield and Dagger, Phi Sweethearts and *Scroll!*
 Sing Bond, Shield and Dagger, Phi Sweethearts and *Scroll!*

The life of our Order, its counsel and guide,
 Its kind elder brother, a friend true and tried!
 That Samaritan-like, lives to cheer, to console
 The Knights of Phi Delta, our own cherished *Scroll!* CHO.

It will build up and strengthen and spread far the name,
 And give to our Order a national fame!
 'Twill remain staunch and steadfast while years o'er us
 roll;
 Then support and sustain it, our treasure, *The Scroll!* CHO.

—G. W. Cone, '79, *Virginia Delta*.

BANDED BROTHERS.

AIR—"Kissing Through the Bars."

A LOUD Phi Delta Theta song
 We'll raise this starry night;
 Come, brothers, join our joyous strain,
 And put dull care to flight.
 While far away, at close of day,
 Our loved ones spend the hours,
 In joyous mirth, around the hearth,
 Let that same bliss be ours.

The bonds that bind our hearts in one,
 No power on earth shall break;
 But, lasting as the hills around,
 Our friendship we will make.
 On prairie wide, on mountain side,
 We left our homes behind,
 And in this land, a happy Band
 Of friends, and brothers find.

When college days are o'er at last,
 And scattered far and wide
 Upon the rugged sea of life
 Our fragile barks do ride,
 A darling boy, our pride and joy,
 While years go rolling by,
 Beneath our roof shall learn the truth,
 'Tis good to be a Phi.
 —H. O. Scott, '77, *Pennsylvania Alpha*.

PHI DELTA THETA HALL.

AIR—"America."—Car. Coll., I, 136.

PHI Delta Theta hall,
 Dear refuge of us all,
 Of thee we sing;
 We love thy inmates dear,
 We sing thy songs of cheer,
 Thy praise from year to year
 Shall upward ring.

Phi Delta Theta hall,
 Within thy temple wall,
 Our spirits blend;
 In thee we love to meet,
 Our brothers there to greet,
 And drink of pleasures sweet
 Till time shall end.

Phi Delta Theta hall,
 Whom thousands shall extol,
 Thee we adore;
 Thou mighty fount of power,
 Phi Delta Theta tower,
 On thee we'll blessings shower
 Forever more.

—P. W. Search, '76, *Ohio Delta*.

DEATH OF A BROTHER.

AIR—"Nelly Gray."

O'ER the blue and surging river, where all angel This
 shall meet,
 Where a mansion for each brother is in store,
 He has gone to tell them how he loved us here on earth be-
 low,
 And his spirit will forsake us nevermore.

CHORUS—To that land, fairest land,
 Let each brother strive to go,
 Where we'll meet a reunited Brotherhood;
 In our faith let us stand,
 While we tarry here below,
 And work for our noble cause and good.

Oh! the crown and the robe shall he wear there on high,
 While the shield and the dagger gleam before;
 In peace and in joy you may live, brother dear,
 And we'll meet you upon the other shore. CHO.

—*J. E. Taylor, '76, California Alpha, and
 Robert McNaughton, '78, Michigan Beta.*

GOOD NIGHT.

AIR—"Happy Are We To-night."—Car. Coll., II, 41.

THIS now the closing hour of night,
 And morning winds his horn;
 Aurora wings his joyous flight
 And smiling day is born;
 Too soon is breathed that word—good night,
 From many a kindly breast;
 Too soon these festive joys and bright
 Sink down to peace and rest.

CHORUS—Farewell, dear brothers, staunch and true,
 Farewell to every Phi;
 May joy inspire your noble breast,
 And peace be ever nigh.

O stay thy course, thou morning star,
 And let the night live on!
 Why hasten on thy burnished car,
 And bid us here begone?
 To leave our friends is hard, we think;
 'Tis hard to say good-bye;
 To pledge the parting cup and drink
 With sad and tearful eye. CHO.

The loudly calling day speeds on,
 Our lingering feet must go;
 The East invites the dappled dawn,
 And bids us part, we know.
 Yet still we turn to say, good-bye,
 To grasp the proffered hand,
 And mutual speak for every Phi,
 "God speed" throughout the land. CHO.

—*J. E. Taylor, '76, California Alpha.*

GREETING SONG.

AIR—"Antioch."

HALL, once again! ye brothers true!
 Let us with joyous hearts
 Our vows of love and faith renew,
 And each bear well his part.

Brothers we are, no class we'll know
 Within this dear retreat,
 And stronger may our friendship grow,
 As we each time shall meet.

Banish dull care and grief away,
 And, as we gather round,
 Sing out the notes of joy so gay
 Till all shall hear the sound.

Joy reigns supreme in every heart,
 And gives to each new zeal;
 From this dear fold it ne'er shall part
 Till all its power shall feel.

—*J. M. Hollingsworth, '82, Michigan Beta.*

A GAY BARBARIAN.

AIR—" *Fine Old Irish Gentleman.*"—Car. Coll., II, 39.

THERE was a young Barbarian—
 At least that's what I'm told—
 Whose years were few, and yet his friends
 All thought him very old.
 He had a solemn manner,
 Which was anything but bold ;
 His head was the color of a torch-light procession,
 and his eyes were a cream-colored blue,
 While his feet were always cold ;
 This young and gay Barbarian,
 One of the modern time.

This gentleman was not a Phi;
 'Cause they did not want a "crank ;"
 His nose was roamin' all over his face,
 His body lean and lank ;
 Whenever he would get thirsty
 He could drain a water-tank,
 And his appetite was a paralyzer to all second-class
 boarding-house land-ladies,
 While the cooks from duty shrank ;
 This young and gay Barbarian,
 One of the modern time.

He "spiked" Phi Delta Theta,
 But they would not take him in ;
 His friends all thought him very smart,
 His class-mates thought him thin ;
 He thought himself a "masher,"
 At which the girls would grin,
 And when he wanted to show off, he would walk bow-
 legged in the back, cross-eyed in the knees,
 And scratch his freckled chin ;
 This young and gay Barbarian,
 One of the modern time.

—*Frank E. Hunter, '79, Indiana Alpha.*

CLOSING ODES.

AIR—" *Wearing of the Green.*"

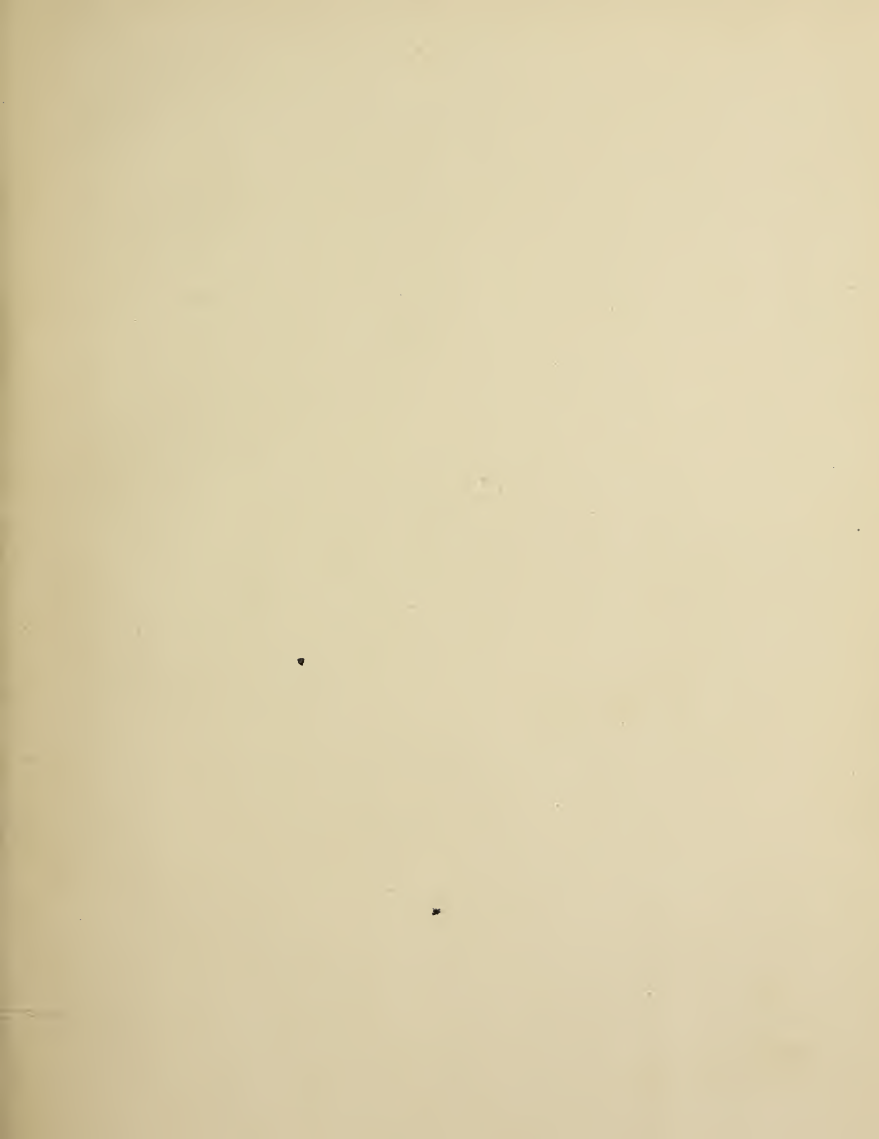
✓
 THEN, as out into the world we go,
 Where our broad fortune lies,
 Oh, may prosperity's bright rays
 Shine down upon the Phis.
 —W. A. Caldwell, '74, *Indiana Epsilon*.

AIR—" *Autumn.*"

HEAVENLY Father, let thy blessing
 Over all our hearts descend;
 May thy spirit, power possessing,
 Richly all our ways attend.
 While the path of life we're treading,
 May the sunshine of thy smile,
 Over all its halo shedding,
 Keep us free from sin and guile.
 —P. W. Search, '76, *Ohio Delta*.

AIR—" *Old Hundred.*"

HAIL to the golden shield we wear;
 Hail to the dagger made so fair;
 Hail to the spotless white and blue;
 Hail to the Brotherhood so true.
 —C. J. Reddig, '77, *Pennsylvania Beta*,



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 046453046